

Home Circle.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

"I say, Martin, stop that, now! How's a fellow going to drink, with Niagara Falls coming down on him?"

Louis Ray, or "Rufus," as the boys called him, rose up angrily, with a face as red as his head.

"All right," said Martin Stone, laughing; "go ahead and drink; I'll pumpeasy for you."

Louis bent over again, and put his thirsty lips to the spout; this time his tormentor moved the pump handle about as fast as the hour hand of a watch, and about three drops trickled out.

"Pump, will you?" cried Louis.

"O, yes! I will," roared the other, and that instant Louis was sputtering in a perfect rush of the bright water, while the group of boys exploded with laughter.

This was too much for Louis's fiery temper, and he sprang at Martin, shaking his wet head like a Newfoundland dog, and grappling him fiercely.

But after all it was a friendly tussel. Louis had far too much sense to take the rough joke seriously, and by the time he and Martin had rolled about on the grass awhile, each trying to get the other under; by the time they had thumped one another a time or two, in boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they all went back into the school room, as good friends as ever.

But something had happened in that sham battle, unknown to anybody except Bustle, the pug, and even he did not know much about it. Martin's bag-strap gave way in the scuffle, his books tumbled out on the ground, and a closely written sheet of paper, caught by a breeze in search of a playfellow, began to play hopscotch over the grass.

Bustle gave chase at first, but soon came to the conclusion that the thing had no wings, and went back to bark his interest and applause at the wrestling match.

Away went the paper, across the school's tennis court, through the iron fence railings, out into the road, there to be trampled deep into an early grave by a great drove of cattle passing that way.

Meantime the school routine went on, and presently the teacher said: "Put up your books, boys; I am going to let you decide now who shall get the English prize for the quarter. Martin and Louis—as some of you know—get the same mark on examination, so I gave them each a composition to write last night, and I am now going to read them to the English class, without the name of course, and let the class award the prize."

There was great excitement among the boys. Much shuffling of feet, embarrassed coughing, conscious grinning, while Louis got his paper ready to march up to the desk with Martin.

But where was Martin's paper? You and I know that it was being trampled under dusty hoofs, but Martin was perfectly sure that it was in his algebra. No? Well, then, in his History of the United States, and so he went through every book in his desk, of course without finding it, while Major Price's brow got darker every minute.

Now the Major, having received a military education, thought carelessness much more serious matter than stupidity, and perhaps he was right. At any rate, he was patient with dullness, but carelessness always met with prompt punishment.

"Well, well," he said shortly, "where are the papers?"

"I have lost mine, sir," said poor Martin, wishing boys were allowed to cry, like girls.

"Then there will be less trouble about awarding the prize," said the angry teacher. "Louis, where is yours?"

There was an instant of silence in the school room; every boy in the class held his breath. Louis turned red, and then pale; then, with a quiet air of determination, he tore his paper slowly across the middle, and said in a respectful tone, "I have none to hand in, sir."

Instantly the class broke into irrepressible applause. "Silence!" thundered the Major, and Louis braced himself against the desk behind him; these boys were tolerably afraid of the Major, and if he took this as an indication of insubordination, he would be severe.

For some reason the teacher did not speak for a minute, and then he said, in a tone they had never heard him use before, "Boys, I would rather see a generous thing like that among you, than to have a prince of the blood in my school! That is what I call loving your neighbor as yourself, and you know who gave us that command, and set us the Great Example."

You may be sure the boys applauded long and loud after that.—*Elizabeth P. Allen.*

HOUSEWORK.

We do not really know the difficulty or ease of any work till we have done it ourselves. One of several servants in a large family—a new arrival—asked the cook, "Why do you not have our breakfast before the family's and get the work done earlier?" "It would be of no use," was the reply. "Mrs. Plank would soon find us more work to do if she saw we had any

spare time." In another case, a lady said to me, "My cook gets through all her work at three or four in the afternoon, and there is an hour or more before she has to get dinner when she is doing nothing. I think she goes to her room and lies down. She ought to do some of the chambermaid's work and so set her free to sew and do other things for me." And when I remarked that the cook had been on her feet all day, she replied, "But a woman who comes in to clean or scrub gives me all her time, why shouldn't my cook do the same?" But these employers were kind-hearted, good women, but they had never done housework and had no conception of the fatigue it involves. Such regular, sustained labor requires intervals of rest, and we should make it a principle so to arrange the work that every afternoon or evening a girl should have some leisure.

We should consider, also, the loneliness of housework. This, in a woman's mind, is one of the greatest drawbacks to domestic service. She fears to be isolated from the family and to be held to a wearisome routine of duties unshared by others. For this reason, as for others, it is well for us to take a share sometimes in the housework and let our daughters help. Some servants prefer general housework to any more specialized form, because in such a place the mistress almost always helps in the work; and they prefer it partly because of the companionship, and partly because of the increased dignity thus given to the occupation. For if a girl never sees her employers wash china, or dust the parlor, or do any cooking, and hears them always speak of such work as hateful and wearisome, will she not involuntarily come to take the same view of it?—*Christian Goodwin, in the Forum.*

BEING PLEASANT.

"Have you ever considered the Christian duty of being pleasant? Whether you feel happy or worried, whether things are going well or ill with you, you have no right, by your words or even by a doleful countenance, to cast gloom on others. As a Christian, you have, or ought to have, a light in your heart, and you are commanded to let it shine. You are not only to rejoice, but to impart joy, evermore. Have you ever tried, through the duties and trials of one day, 'to be a blessing,' making your very presence a light and joy to all you meet? Try it."—*Christian Standard.*

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*George Dana Boardman.*